

Life with the Speartooths

by Sprattfish33

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Summary: Hiccup has left Berk rather than face the Nightmare. along the way he encounters a new tribe with a different view of dragons. What sort of adventures will Hiccup get into? and what happens when his past catches up with him?

1. Chapter 1

Hiccup couldn't remember seeing Astrid more furious. As he walked back to the cove he kept looking behind him trying to shake the feeling that he was being followed. Soon he reached the cove.

"Hey bud, guess what we're doing. We are... leaving. We're leaving. Lets pack up. Looks like you an me are taking a little vacation. Forever."

He checked the contents of the wicker basket he had brought. Satisfied he had everything, he got up and to get Toothless and noticed there was someone else here. Astrid.

"Aye, aaah, what are you doing here Astrid?"

"I wanna know whats going on. No one gets as good you. Especially you. Start talking! are you training with someone? It better not involve this!"

"I know this looks really bad. you got me. I've been making outfits! It's time everyone knew. Drag me back. here we go. Ow! Why would you do that?!"

Astrid had just twisted his arm in a very painful way.

"Thats for the lies." Astrid said knocking hi down.

"And thats" she said dropping here axe on his chest. "For everything else."

Suddenly she heard something. Looking carefully, she saw large black shape lying down in the dirt. it moved slightly and two green eyes locked on to her. It was a dragon.

"Get down!" she cried dragging Hiccup to the ground. The dragon noticed them and began to bound it's way towards them. Leaping up, she prepared to hew the dragon's head from it's shoulders. Before she could however, Hiccup pushed her out of the way and sent her axe spinning off.

"Hold it bud, Its okay, she's a friend."

The dragon calmed down slightly, but it still had a gleam in it's eye that said it wanted to shred her to ribbons.

"You just scared him" Hiccup said as he kept both his hands on it's triangular head.

"I scared him?! Who, is 'him'?"

"Astrid, Toothless. Toothless, Astrid."

The dragon snarled at her. Turning around, she began to sprint for the village.

"Da da da, we're dead"

Toothless looked like he couldn't care less. Hiccup shrugged. They were leaving anyway. The village had a right to know. Short seconds later, the duo was in the air. they were off the island in minutes.

"So bud, where should we go first? The whole worlds open to us know."

Toothless didn't seem to care. All that mattered was that they were airborne again. They kept heading straight, heading south. Towards the grand adventures that awaited them.

Meanwhile, Astrid had just informed Stoick of Hiccup's secret. A full scale hunting party was headed for the cove. Stoick was furious. His son had betrayed all that made a viking a viking. The dragon was the final insult. They reached the cove quickly only to discover that they were already gone. There were definite signs that a dragon had been here for a while. But the fact of the matter was Hiccup and the dragon were gone. Stoick glared at the sky. He swore he would find his son, learn why he had done this, then pass judgement on the situation.

Hiccup was starting to get hungry. He couldn't see many islands for a rest stop, and even then, he need wood for a fire. So when he saw an island with a village up ahead, he decided to try his luck. Landing in the woods, he gathered wood, and started a fire. After a meal of fire cooked salmon, He doused the flames and leaned up against Toothless. It was becoming dusk now, and he was enjoying the view. Suddenly, he heard the shouts of combat, and the sound of dragons roaring.

"I know I'm going to regret this"

Hopping onto Toothless' saddle, the pair began to head towards the battleground. It was a dragon raid alright, but there was a considerably smaller amount than the Berk raids. The dragons also were different species than he was used to. He could see Whispering Deaths, Changewings, Snaptrappers, and a Skrill.

"Let's turn the tides shall we?"

Diving in, Toothless caught a Whispering Death right in the lower jaw with a plasma blast. The villagers were stunned to see that mass of muscle being thrown against the wall like that. Several Changewings went down, but Toothless emitted a peculiar roar, then blasted all of the Changewings in the back. The dragons were caught off guard, and so the vikings were able to send the rest of them packing. Landing on the outskirts of the village, Toothless snorted, as is to say 'good riddance'.

The villagers noticed them quickly enough though, and soon had surrounded them.

"A boy has tamed a dragon! And unless my eyes deceive me, a Night Fury no less!"

The villagers kept their weapons aimed at Toothless and Hiccup. Everyone was distracted shortly afterwards by a blast of lightning erupting from some nearby trees. The mob forgot all about Hiccup and Toothless and began to rush towards the source of the lightning. Following from the air, Hiccup saw a boy around his own age ducking, dodging, and rolling to avoid being fried to oblivion.

"Come on! Aren't you tired of this already?! When are you just going to give up and leave?!"

The boy lightly dove to the side just avoiding disembowelment. The Skrill was very angry. This annoying bug had nailed it in the head with a rock before vanishing into the trees. It had followed him here, where it proceeded to buzz around it refusing to be squashed. It fired another lightning blast at the boy, who nimbly backflipped out of the way. Hiccup was in awe of the boy's bravery and agility, but he would only be lucky for so long.

"Come on bud, we better see what we can do about this"

Toothless fired a plasma blast to get the Skrill's attention, then landed between him and the boy.

"Okay big fella, what say you calm down and not try to turn this guy into a charred carcass."

The Skrill eyed Hiccup carefully.

"Put your weapons on the ground! If he doesn't see a threat, he may calm down"

The boy watched with interest as Hiccup slowly began to bring the dragon out of its rage. After a while, it was completely calm.

"That was incredible! How did you get it to do that?" A villager

asked.

"He didn't see a threat in the immediate area, so his instincts didn't tell him to defend himself. He should be more mellow for the time being. Why was he here in the first place?"

The viking shrugged.

"That group of dragons generally attack the farms where we keep livestock. usually just for food. we keep the old ones in the furthest pen so that they have something we don't want. However, recently they have been attacking the town directly, and more desperately. My guess is that something had them spooked"

Hiccup turned to the boy.

"What was happening between you and the big guy here?"

The boy rubbed his neck with an embarrassed smile.

"I threw a rock at his head to get his attention. I wanted to lead him away from the village considering he wields lightning. I knew that the metal weapons would just lead to some very nasty surprises. I didn't however anticipate how angry I actually made him."

Hiccup nodded.

"What is the name of your village?"

A larger, more muscled man stepped forward.

"We are the Speartooth tribe. I am the chief, Bolgard. The boy's name is Razorre. He's known for being wise beyond his years, having the greatest agility ever known to our tribe, and generally causing himself trouble so the village doesn't get in to it."

Razorre shrugged.

"Stop it, your embarrassing me."

He looked up at the Skrill.

"Think you could help me learn to ride this guy?"

Hiccup was dumbfounded.

"Say what? You want me to help you train a Skrill?!"

Razorre nodded.

"I believe I just asked you that."

Hiccup certainly didn't expect this. He thought that him and Toothless were going to be thrown in the slammer. Not asked to help train a dragon!"

Razorre eyed him.

"Well, are you going to help me or not?"

Hiccup nodded.

"Okay. Although a Skrill is certainly a first for me."

Razorre smiled.

"Good. I didn't want it to be too easy."

Hiccup laughed.

"You certainly have a very active wit as well! Okay, we start training in the morning."

After they made sure that the Skrill wasn't going anywhere, Bolgard provided accommodations for Hiccup and Toothless, although Toothless decided to stick with the Skrill. Soon Hiccup was thinking about the crazy adventures he was going to get into with the Speartooth tribe.

2. Chapter 2

Hiccup and his new friend Razorre walked to the area where they had left the Skrill the previous night. He still couldn't believe he was finally free of his torment on Berk. He wondered what had happened to the Monstrous Nightmare after his flight. He hoped they didn't kill it. They may have given his honour to Astrid or Snotlout, and they would have killed it without a second thought. Or it would simply be kept locked up until the next set of recruits were ready for training.

"Hey, you okay?"

Hiccup refocused into the present as Razorre spoke to him.

"Yeah I'm fine. Just a little sleepy."

Razorre nodded. Suddenly, he stopped cold.

"Alright, C'mon out Rowana."

Slowly, and dejectedly, a girl emerged from behind a tree. She had long dark hair, green eyes, and an air of curiosity. She was half an inch shorter than Razorre.

"Allow me to introduce Rowana. She's Bolgard's daughter."

Rowana looked down at the ground.

"How long did you know I was following you?"

The corner of Razorre's lip twitched.

"Since we left town. You're not going to get the jump on me any time soon."

Rowana slumped.

"I suppose I have to go back to the village now right?"

"If you want. I really don't mind you tagging along. besides. I might be convinced to give you a few pointers on moving unnoticed."

Rowana looked up in surprise.

"Really? I really want to get a close look at that dragon! And getting up close with a Night Fury is too good a chance to miss!"

Razorre nodded.

"Just keep some distance. I have a feeling that the Skrill won't take kindly to having too many people crowded around it at once."

Rowana nodded, and the group continued forward.

Soon they were at the clearing. The Skrill was where they had left it yesterday. Razorre took a pack that he had been carrying and opened it. Inside was lots of mutton. Taking out a piece of meat, he tossed it across the clearing to the Skrill, who snapped it out of the air. It licked its lips in appreciation.

"Okay, let's begin."

Hiccup began to run through the basics,

"Training a dragon begins and ends with trust. You have to remain perfectly calm, and reach out your hand."

Razorre did as instructed, then waited for the Skrill to make the next move. The Skrill began to slowly move forward, sniffing his palm as he did so. Finally, he touched his nose to his hand. Smiling, Razorre gave him a little pat on the side of the Skrill's jaw. The Skrill made a humming sound in its throat. Hiccup couldn't believe how well things were going.

"Okay, Next thing is flying."

Razorre slowly began to climb onto the Skrill's back. The Skrill made no attempts to prevent him from getting aboard. They had tied a rope around the Skrill's collarbone to help Razorre from hold on.

"Okay my friend, what say we go flying?"

The Skrill liked the sound of that. With a single beat of its powerful wings, the two new friends were in the sky in no time. Hiccup joined them shortly after with Rowana sitting in the back.

"I think me and Thresher are off to a good start!" Razorre said with a grin.

"Good name!" Called Hiccup.

After several more minutes of flying, Razorre realized they had a problem.

"If me and Thresher are doing aerial combat with another dragon, one of the simplest things Thresher will do is use a thunder burst. To do that, he needs to draw lightning from the clouds. How can he do that with me on his back without frying me to a crisp?"

Hiccup thought for a minute as well as Razorre. Suddenly it struck them.

"If we can redirect the lightning around me, Razorre can draw it in as needed! I have a design idea for the redirection."

The group flew back to town where the villagers looked in awe as they descended from the skies.

"I can't believe you actually managed to tame that dragon!" Bolgard exclaimed. Razorre grinned.

"Thresher is quite the friend, I can tell you that. Now if you'll excuse us, we have a problem to work out."

Leading them to his personal workshop, Razorre showed Hiccup a design for an armor set.

"If we add a layer of padded leather and various cottons underneath the steel, the lightning won't be routed through me to Thresher! The metal will redirect it around my body to Thresher for Thunder bursts!"

Hiccup couldn't help but admire Razorre's creativity. The design was simple, yet effective.

"Alright, let's get going!"

It took them the better part of the week to forge the armor and add the layer beneath it, but the end result was outstanding. After testing it on various things, they decided to do a final test of Razorre as the test subject.

"Okay Thresher, start drawing it in!"

Lightning bolts struck the armor over and over, but none of them penetrated the armor's protective inner layer. After much experimentation, they managed to forge a sword which could retain lightning along the blade for extended periods of time, as well as a ranged attack by swinging it to launch a blast of lightning at metal objects.

They also constructed a sword for Hiccup which could be lit on fire using a magnesium mixed with the steel as well as a trigger which sparked the weapon to life. Life took a rather pleasant turn for the Speartooth tribe during all those years of advance. However, that was all destined to come to a screeching halt.

It had been nearly five years since Hiccup had left Berk. And in those years, Stoick and the other teens who had known Hiccup in the arena had been searching high and low for Hiccup. In the end, their searches had borne no fruit. So they returned home and began to plan for their next search.

"There are only two places where we haven't looked for him. The southern isles, and Outcast island. We know he wouldn't have gone to Outcast island because Alvin would have mentioned that during our little run-in with him. That can only mean he's in the southern isles. Get a boat ready. We leave at first light tomorrow."

The teens were eager to find Hiccup. They all wanted the truth. Especially Astrid.

Astrid and Stoick were probably the most furious at what Hiccup had done. Astrid was furious at Hiccup for siding with the enemy, snatching the right to kill the Monstrous Nightmare in front of the entire village, and having the nerve to act like it was no big deal! Stoick was more angry about Hiccup keeping secrets from him. He also didn't like being left in the dark. He wanted the facts. Then he would judge what he saw fit.

The other teens were angry too, but mainly because they saw Hiccup's dragon thing to be cheating in the arena. they wanted to see him face the Monstrous Nightmare as punishment.

After two weeks at sea, they reached the southern isles. They began looking around. They didn't find any trace of Hiccup anywhere, but they did hear a rumor about a black dragon being spotted regularly near the island where the Speartooth tribe was situated. The group decided to look into it. after three more days on the sea, the island was within sight. They docked in port and went up to meet the chief.

"Greetings, and welcome to our village. I am Bolgard, chief of the Speartooth tribe."

"I am Stoick the Vast, chief of Berk. I am here looking for a boy who fled Berk. He broke the law, and we wish to question him about his actions before trying him for treason."

Bolgard nodded.

"I will see to it that you have proper lodging until you have completed your search."

Meanwhile from the shadows, Hiccup watched as his father and the teens went to drop their belongings off at their appointed housing. He had been dreading this for a long time. He had hoped they wouldn't come looking for him, but he hadn't bet on it. He had to remain hidden until they gave up. Turning around, he fled into the woods.

Several days later, the group was still searchin high and low. Fishlegs, and the twins asked around town about the mysterious dragon sightings, while Astrid, Snotlout, and Stoick searched the wilderness for Hiccup. After a long day of climbing treacherous rockfaces and exploring caves, Astrid came back to town for a break. She couldn't help but notice that a strange boy was always on the move, gathering parts for others, making tools at the forge, all sorts of tasks. and throughout it all, he never removed the armor he wore. It was of foreign make to Astrid, but it look like something Hiccup would make. Curious, she decided to have take a look.

"Hello there!" Astrid called.

"Greetings! What brings you to my humbe establishment?" Astrid began to eye the weapons on the wall with a warrior's eye. She could see that they were of very high quality and were designed for all sorts of fighting styles.

"I just thought I'd pop in and see what you have for sale."

The boy nodded.

"Well, lets see what I have... may I ask what your name is?"

"Astrid Hofferson. What's yours?"

"Razorre."

Astrid continued to eye the weapons until she came to a slim sword with a strange crossguard.

"Whats that?"

Following her gaze, Razorre removed the sword from it's shelf.

"This blade is designed for quick fast attacks, yet strong enough to withstand a blow from a war hammer. it can cut through flesh like butter, and it will not be chipped on armor or bone."

Astrid thought about it for a second.

"I'll take it. Ten gold coins then?"

"Perfect. pleasure doing business with you."

Astrid began to test out her new sword. like Razorre had said, it was light and fast, yet extremely durable. the blade's thinness allowed for better stabbing since it was not so bulky.

Then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw a bush moving. Something had disturbed it. She decided to think nothing of it, and went back to her quarters.

The next day everyone met at the center of town to discuss they're next move.

"We still have to check the coasts. If Berk has all those secluded beaches, there could be some here."

Astrid looked off to the side and saw someone walking past near the outskirts of the forest. he had brown hair and looked an awful lot like Hiccup. She met his eyes for a second, and noticed that they were exactly like Hiccup's. It WAS Hiccup! She quickly pointed him out to the others, who immediately began to give chase. Hiccup noticed this of course, and bolted into the forest. He had to play to the advantage he had here. Knowledge.

Razorre noticed the group taking off in pursuit of Hiccup, and knew that there must be trouble. Judging from the direction Hiccup was running in, Razorre figured out where he was headed. He had to slow the group down. Taking off in another direction, he began to circle around until he was ahead of them, passed Hiccup, and sent Snotlout sprawling to the side by holding his foot out.

The group saw him and realized that he was in league with Hiccup. The began to pursue him, intent on getting out of him where Hiccup was headed. as they chased him, they came to a massive cliff. Suddenly,

Astrid remembered something.

"Razorre! You're friends with Hiccup?!"

Razorre stood his ground, taking up a defensive stance.

"Tell us where Hiccup is Going Razorre, and we'll let you go peacefully."

Razorre looked over his shoulder.

"Lets see... Betray my friend to his previous tormentors, or cast myself three hundred feet to a watery grave..."

Razorre crossed his arms, and tilted over the side.

Astrid went to grab for his hand, but he was already over the edge.

"He chose to die, rather than surrender Hiccup to us..."

"Nope! I'm not dead yet!"

To everyone's surprise, A massive beast flew up past them and looped around to hover in front of them. Atop this creature's back was Razorre, Brandishing a sword over his head. The dragon roared and lightning bolts began to be sucked into it's body, as well as Razorre's sword.

"He's riding a Skrill!" yelled Fishlegs.

Razorre let out a whooping war cry, and dove at them, determined to drive them away from his home by any means necessary.

"Stop!"

Razorre held his dragon back as another voice ran through the cliff. Diving out of the clouds, Hiccup and Toothless flew between the group, and Razorre. Razorre nodded, then brought his dragon back up.

Turning to face everyone, he hung his head.

"I suppose I best start from the beginning."

And so, Hiccup told them Everything. From shooting Toothless out of the sky, to releasing him from the Bola, to his departure from Berk. Once he was done, he took a deep breath and waited.

"You have every right to be angry with me. I would be furious too. But I don't regret my actions, and will defend the life I built here to the last."

Stoick was silent for a long time. He seemed to be mulling things over in his head. Finally, he spoke.

"I don't understand why you befriended this beast? Why? What compelled you to go against everything that viking tradition has taught us?"

Hiccup thought about it.

"When I had the knife, I looked at him, and I saw fear in his eyes, followed by acceptance that he would die. I also saw part of myself in him. A reflection of me so to speak."

Stoick thought about it longer.

"I think I finally understand what you did Hiccup. And I believe that no sentence is necessary."

"WHAT?! You can't be serious! your letting him off the hook?!" Snotlout was furious. He had been looking forward to seeing Hiccup be eaten by the Monstrous Nightmare. The twins just said darn, and began to head back to the village, before they realized they had no idea where they were. Razorre landed, and walked up to Snotlout.

"You might want to show a little more respect. you aren't on Berk anymore. Your on my territory. And my word goes a long way."

Snotlout attempted to punch him for that, but his fist was grabbed, yanked forward, spun, and pushed against his chest. Razorre then threw Snotlout over his head to the ground. Astrid looked pleased.

"I think I'm starting to like this place"

3. Chapter 3

"Hey, wake up! We gotta long day ahead of us!"

Hiccup sat up groggily and blinked the sleep out of his eyes. Toothless was sleeping on a stone slab in a sort of lean to outside, or he was until Razorre woke him up.

"Don't you remember? We're starting training today! The other teens are getting a bit impatient."

Hiccup snapped to full awareness in an instant. He hoped he hadn't slept in. If past experience with the other teens said anything, it was that they don't like to be kept waiting. He jumped out of bed, pulled his riding gear on, and hurried out the door.

"Sorry I'm late! I had a rough night."

Hiccup met the rest of the group at the docks. They all looked quite bored. the previous day, Stoick and the other teens requested that they learn to ride dragons too. However, they didn't have any dragons to ride here besides Toothless and Thresher. So, they decided to go back to Berk and use the arena dragons.

"Well, better late than never. Now, lets get out to sea. I'm quite interested in what your going to show us."

Hiccup smiled.

Fishlegs and Razorre were deep in conversation about Thresher.

"How can you ride him if he uses lightning to attack from a distance?"

Razorre took off his gauntlets and showed them to Fishlegs.

"This armor redirects the lightning around my body, and straight to Thresher. My sword also uses a similar mechanic, allowing me to temporarily store lightning in it for an extra edge in combat."

This got Snotlout and Astrid interested. They were both warriors at heart, so the thought of a deadly weapon made even deadlier was something of interest to them. So, Razorre told them about how the unique weapons that he and Hiccup had designed and forged. Hiccup was glad to see his friend connecting with the other teens, but at the same time, he felt left out. Stoick noticed of course.

"I still can't believe that you were there for five years. Did you ever think about coming back?"

Hiccup stared at the ocean.

"Plenty of times. I missed Berk alot. I did intend to come back at some point, hopefully when things had calmed down. Never thought I would end up being asked to train dragons by my former chief."

Stoick could hardly believe it either. But this may be the answer to the dragon raids that constantly plagued Berk. If it meant not having long nights spent sending oversized lizards packing, he was welcome to it.

It took roughly three weeks to return to Berk, and Hiccup was surprised that it appeared to have undergone little or no change in the five years that he was gone. Razorre whistled, and Thresher came plummeting out of the sky, while Razorre jumped overboard. Thresher pulled up and had Razorre aboard for a spin through the sky. Hiccup facepalmed hard. Razorre seemed to have forgotten that they weren't in the Speartooth village.

"Dragon attack! Everyone get to arms!"

Stoick shook his head.

"Hold up everyone! As insane as it sounds, that dragon is not our enemy!"

Everyone stopped dead, weapons held above their heads, jaws in the dirt. Then someone stepped out of the crowd.

"Is that so Stoick? I think we all know that dragons are among the most unholy creatures on earth!"

Stoick groaned. It had to be Mildew. Of course it was Mildew. The crowd began to murmur in agreement.

"Well, I believe that we can prove it."

Razorre nodded in agreement.

"Okay Thresher. Lets touch down in the square."

The two did just that, and everyone turned to see a boy sitting atop the dragon's back. Razorre nimbly hopped to the ground, and placed a hand on Thresher's wing.

"Everyone put your weapons on the ground behind you. He's not going to attack."

They looked apprehensively at Thresher, but did as they were told.

"Anyone got some mutton?"

One viking stepped forward. He threw it from a distance, and Thresher caught it in mid ark. After a moments thought, he swallowed it whole. The crowd was amazed. This normally ferocious beast was accepting meat from them!

"He's not as bad as you would think. just don't make him mad when I'm not around."

Stoick smiled as the vikings took in his words.

"I think that your dragon training will be very helpfull around town."

Hiccup grinned.

"I hope so."

The crowd stopped. They had not seen Hiccup yet, or had any knowledge that he had accompanied the group home. Mildew looked furious.

"You brought this traitor here?! He turned his back on everyone here! I can't believe this!"

Razorre gave Mildew a look that would make a Monstrous Nightmare bury itself in a landslide to escape it.

"Was it him who turned his back on you, or you that turned your back on him? He left to protect his friend, and in the end, he made a good choice. Nothing happens for no reason."

Mildew kept his mouth shut. Saying that the gods had nothing to do with this would only get him thrown head first into the ocean.

"Now that we've cleared that up, I believe that Stoick has an announcement."

Stoick nodded, then addressed the crowd.

"Hiccup is going to teach us how to train dragons ourselves! This may be the end of our dragon problem for good!"

The crowd cheered. Hiccup looked uncomfortable with all this attention.

"I'm going to start with the group that brought me back. We only have so many dragons to work with."

This caught the teens by surprise. They hadn't heard the details of the plans that Hiccup and Razorre had been making for a training program.

"I also intend to start immediately!"

That was the cherry on top. they wouldn't have to wait until the next day to begin! They were ready to roll.

"C'mon then! We gotta roll!" Shouted Snotlout. He began to run up the hill to the arena.

I think that he's a bit too exited about this. Especially since he has no idea of whats ahead.

Razorre rolled his eyes in Hiccup's direction.

"He is in way too much of a rush."

Steering Thresher into the air, He steered him into a dive and flipped Fishlegs into the saddle behind Razorre. He then had Thresher grab Ruffnut and Tuffnut in his talons. Astrid climbed into Toothless' saddle behind Hiccup, and the two swiftly followed. By the time Snotlout had reached the top, Razorre had just finished sharpening his sword.

"Like I said. Your in way too much of a rush. If you were more patient, you would have gotten a free lift as well"

Snotlout was too exhausted to argue. He just got to the wall, and collapsed.

"Well, how shall we get him back on his toes?"

Astrid smiled.

"Give him a scare. something to JOLT him awake."

Razorre took the hint well. He motioned to Thresher for a small spark to his helm. That certainly did the trick.

"Who, what, where ,when, why!?"

Snotlout was on his feet before he realized it. Everyone laughed so hard, they nearly fell over.

"Okay, enough of that. lets get to the first part of dragon training. Getting a dragon!"

Hiccup opened the pen for the Monstous Nightmare first. After he convinced it that there was no threat in the immediate area, he moved on to the Gronkle and repeated the process. Once every dragon was calm, he called for Astrid to step forward and choose a dragon.

"Lets see... I'll go with the Nadder."

Hiccup nodded, then began to walk her through the steps.

"Okay, the first thing you have to do is be calm. If the dragon senses stress or fear, it will get nervous itself. Then you have to reach your hand out, and let the dragon come to you."

Astrid followed his instructions to the letter. The Nadder seemed to be quite fond of Astrid.

"Okay... Fishlegs, you next."

Fishlegs stepped forward. he began to look over the remaining dragons.

"Okay, I'll have the Gronkle!"

Hiccup walked Fishlegs through the process the same way he had shown Astrid. In no time, Fishlegs was befriending the Gronkle. That left the twins, and Snotlout.

"Okay Snotlout, your next."

Snotlout walked forward with confidence.

"You shoulda gone for you the big guns when had the chance suckers! I'm going with the Monstrous Nightmare!"

He walked forward with his hand outstretched.

"This bad boy was made for me!"

At the exact moment, the Nightmare decided to show Snotlout who's boss. It launched a fireball at Snotlout who wasn't even paying attention. It was only Razorre's lightning fast reflexes that prevented Snotlout from being cooked alive. He dove forward and knocked him to the ground milliseconds before the fireball reached the exact spot where Snotlout had been.

"Okay, perhaps I ought to listen to you more."

"Oh you think? Now lets try that again."

This time, Snotlout was able to gain the dragon's trust. Now it was the twins' turn. All that was left was the Zippleback. However, they were able to gain it's trust without help from the others. Hiccup had an idea why. The twins loved to blow stuff up as much as possible, so this dragon was made for them. They quickly began to attempt to have it blow up parts of the arena. They had no luck thankfully.

"Okay! Now we're ready for flying!"

After they managed to ensure that the teens wouldn't fall off their dragons when they performed a complex manuever, Hiccup and Toothless lead the group into the skies. Razorre and Thresher flew at the back in case of emergencies. Hiccup had the other teens steer their dragons through the sea stacks to improve their trust of each other. It all went well exept for Snotlout and the twins

. The twins couldn't agree on which direction to go in, and Snotlout was just being bossy. Something that the Nightmare did not like one bit. It did the exact opposite of what Snotlout told it to do, and in the end, it kept them both alive. Snotlout didn't take this so

well.

"Your supposed to listen to me! How can I ride a dragon that doesn't give a yak pie about what I tell it to do?!"

So the group had to listen to Snotlout ranting on and on about this. They decided to avoid him for the rest of the day, and go flying. Razorre declined saying:

"I have something to do first. I'll catch up with you all later."

Once everyone had left, Razorre decided to go for a little walk in the woods. He was just entering a clearing when he called:

"You do realize that I knew you snuck aboard right? I wonder what your father is doing at this point."

From behind a tree, Rowana emerged from the shadows with a frustrated look.

"When am I going to do something that your not aware of?!"

Razorre shook his head.

"When you start doing the unexpected. Even if your as silent as a shadow and as still as a rock, I'll be able to anticipate what you are going to do. Spending my entire childhood around you gives me hints so to speak. I see things that other people don't look for. Patterns. you have to pull something off outside your patterns."

Rowana shrugged.

"When are you going to ship me home?"

"Probably when I'm going home. I trust these people and you, but not to the point of stupidity. So get ready to be introduced to the village. You can't stay hidden forever."

"You can say that again."

So, the two began walking back to town. After they got back, Razorre introduced her to everyone else. Snotlout seemed to take interest in her, but as soon as he decided to "turn on the Snotlout charm" she disappeared. It was like that every time. soon, it was established that they were done training, and that mean't that Razorre and Rowana were heading home. Everyone was sad to see them go, but in the end, there was nothing left to take care of.

"Hey, its not like this is goodbye forever. We'll come visit, and you can do the same."

Hiccup decided it was time to tell everyone his big announcement.

"I've decided to go back with Razorre and Rowana."

Everyone was in shock.

"Why? You helped us train dragons! this is your home."

Hiccup shook his head.

"It was my home. To be honest, I've become more of the Hiccup you found in Speartooth. I don't belong here. I belong there."

The other teens regretfully accepted this.

"Besides, like he said, you have your dragons now. you can come and visit any time! just remember what direction to go in."

His friends nodded. Rowana hopped onto the back of Toothless' saddle since she didn't have the protective armor needed to ride Thresher. They said their goodbyes and took off for home. Hiccup smiled despite himself. He was expecting a visitor soon. and only time would tell if his expectations were right.

4. Chapter 4

"So I slept in! No reason to flip out!"

Thresher growled and slapped his tail on the ground. Hiccup decided to see what the commotion was about. Toothless napped on a rock, enjoying the sun. He turned an amused eye to where Razorre was trying to calm Thresher down.

"Whats the big deal?"

Razorre looked over his shoulder.

"Apparently if I don't keep up with a regular feeding schedule, he goes psycho."

Hiccup laughed.

"Noted."

Razorre turned his exhasperated face back to where Thresher was eyeing him angrily.

"Just calm down! I'll get you breakfast right now if you cool it!"

This got Thresher more mellow. He snorted and lumbered over to a patch of sunny ground, then proceded to go to sleep. Razorre breathed a sigh of relief, then went to his stores of meat. After he got out Thresher's preferred amount of mutton, he placed it next to his best friend.

"Well, that's taken care of. Having a Skrill as your best friend can sometimes be a STORMY friendship."

Hiccup and Razorre shared a laugh at Razorre's joke. even Toothless and Thresher made a laughing sound in their throats. After their fits had subsided, Hiccup walked to the smithy where he worked. Razorre had set up a notice board near his house. If anyone needed a job done, they would put up their job along with the reward on the board. Razorre was being kept busy this time of year. With winter on the

way, they needed to get food stored, collect wood, and do other chores in preparation for the cold. Razorre was typically being hired to collect wood, catch fish, or do other such chores. On the bright side, he was making a small fortune with the amount of jobs he was receiving and the efficiency he brought to each task. Thresher was most helpful in keeping on top of the jobs.

"Okay, ten people want twenty fire logs each, twenty fish each for three people, and someone needs help getting the animals bunkered down for the winter. Sounds easy enough. The over all pay from all this comes to... one thousand coin total!"

Hiccup walked over and saw the stack of jobs.

"You're going to run yourself ragged at this rate. You need to worry about your own preparations too you know."

Razorre nodded.

"I'm taking that into account. I've been taking care of that when I'm done that. Thresher makes the work way smoother, though having a Timberjack would be helpful for cutting wood, no offence Thresher."

Thresher simply snorted and snapped up the last of his breakfast. Then Razorre pulled on his riding armor and hopped onto Thresher's back. Soon they were off. Hiccup still couldn't fathom why Razorre was pushing himself so hard. He had been breaking his back for two and a half weeks now, and showed no sign of letting up. It didn't seem to bother him, but there had to be more to it than just making money. Hiccup shrugged and decided to finish opening shop.

Work went smoothly that day. Razorre finished his jobs in record time, then set about his own preparations. Hiccup then heard the sound of beating wings. They didn't belong to Thresher or Toothless. Hiccup jogged out of the smithy to see several familiar faces.

"I was wondering when you were going to show up!" Hiccup called with a wild grin.

Astrid slid off her dragon's back.

"Well, we had to get one visit in before winter hit. Looks like you're doing just fine. Where's Razorre?"

Hiccup shrugged.

"He was taking care of some jobs, but now he's just doing his own prepping for winter. He's been doing jobs for people around the village, and he's making a small fortune out of it. Still don't know why he's doing it, but I guess time will tell."

The other riders looked extremely sore.

"Long ride?"

Snotlout simply groaned.

"You have a saddle. We don't."

Hiccup smiled.

"I think I can take care of that."

After several hours of measuring, cutting, stitching, and scrapping, Hiccup had crafted saddles for the dragons, allowing for extended periods of flying with minor discomfort.

"That should help for the long trip back to Berk. So, anything changed since I left?"

Fishlegs looked nervous.

"Dagur's become the new Beserker chief. They came by for that peace treaty signing, and Dagur seemed very suspicious of your 'absence'. We said you were out on a voyage, and were running late, but he didn't seem to buy it. Anyway, Dagur's been staying true to the peace treaty, but he's been attacking other villages as well. He's expanding the Beserker tribe beyond their island, and slaughtering hundreds on a whim. We witnessed an attack before. It was horrendous."

Hiccup looked darkly out to sea.

"Is there any potential motive besides expansion?"

Astrid stepped forward.

"We did overhear the Beserkers talking about searching for the 'Wielder of Heaven's Fire', but thats about it."

At that moment, Razorre and Thresher came swooping in for a landing.

"Am I the only one who's never aware of the reunions?"

The twin's eyes immediately lit up once they gazed upon Thresher.

"Zap Snotlout! Zap Snotlout!" The twins chanted. Snotlout backed away a bit, while everyone else besides the twins groaned. Typical twins.

Then Fishlegs grew fearful.

"Wielder of Heaven's Fire... that must be lightning! But the only creature that can wield lightning is... Oh gods."

Everyone tensed. The Beserkers were searching for a Skrill. It was the symbol of their clan, but that couldn't be the only reason.

"The Beserkers won't be able to sail through winter, so that's an advantage. Hopefully we can make sure that the Beserkers don't find one. Something tells me they don't want it as a decoration. If they do find one... I don't even want to think about that."

The group decided to forget about these unpleasant times, and went to the tavern. After a few rounds of mead, they decided to discuss possible means of communication between people. A fight broke out between the other patrons, so they decided to just leave.

The next day, They went for a flight around the island, and stopped at a secluded spring in the mountains for a break. Life was good. Razorre decided to have some R&R by quickly and silently scaling a tree, finding a thick branch, and taking a nap. The Hiccup decided to skip some rocks, and was joined by Tuffnut, who had a surprisingly good arm for skipping stones. This got Astrid in a competitive mood, and soon, the group was having a stone skipping contest.

Snotlout decided to take this chance to pull one on Razorre. He picked up a good sized stone, and hurled it at Razorre. However, he was watching this. in one smooth motion, he unsheathed his sword, knocked the stone straight down, causing it to bounce off a boulder and into Snotlout's stomach. Snotlout gasped for breath as the other riders laughed.

"Its *gasp* not *gasp* that *gasp* funny."

Razorre shrugged and nimbly backflipped off the branch to the ground.

"I'm going to head back. I have more preparations to get done."

Razorre had put up a notice on his job board saying that any jobs posted today would be ignored, and that he would only do his typical amount of jobs tomorrow. When he got back, he finished getting the meat stored, and establishing a water supply.

Thresher yawned and padded over to his favorite sunbathing spot. within seconds, he was snoring. The rest of the gang arrived back at the village near sundown. They looked pretty tired. They went back to their quarters for shut eye while Hiccup and Razorre decided to stay up talk.

"Why are you working yourself so hard? You've always had a stable income, even with Thresher's appetite."

Razorre shook his head.

"Thats something for next year, come the thaw. Besides, if the world didn't have secrets, what would be left for us to find?"

Hiccup chuckled.

"True enough. True enough."

Razorre got up.

"Well, I'm off. Got a long day ahead of me."

With that, Razorre got up and left.

Meanwhile, on the island home of the Berserker tribe, Dagur the Deranged smiled widely at his prize. Lightning bolts struck the arena as Dagur laughed maniacly. Soon, he would rule all of the tribes, and he would crush Berk to the ground. But first, a little test.

Things couldn't be better today. That was all Razorre could think of. He had the whole day off to go about whatever he wanted to do.

"Hey buddy, what say we go for a spin through spine smasher gorge?"

Thresher looked up from his pile of mutton to stare at Razorre. He snorted and returned to his breakfast.

"Okay, maybe not. Ah well, guess I'll just find a shady spot to relax in for a few hours."

Razorre got up and walked into the woods. He always loved roaming the forest. It provided a quick getaway from the insanity of every day affairs. He kept walking until he reached an enormous tree near the centre of the forest. It's trunk was nearly two meters in diameter. Razorre began to scale the tree with amazing skill before finding the perfect branch. Lying down on said branch, he crossed his legs, put his hands behind his head, and watched the day go by without a care in the world.

"If everyone could get this once a week, the world would be way more civilized. But I guess things would be boring then! Sometimes you need a good slugfest to wake up in the morning."

Razorre drew his sword and reflected the sunlight onto a shadowy part of the tree, admiring how well kept it was. The sword was unique. It was somewhere between a short sword and a broadsword. The blade was steel, while the hand guard was a mixture of black quartz and silver. the hilt was wrapped in silver wire, and the pommel had an electric blue gem set in it. But most unique about it was the fact that it was forged with the ability to store lightning in it for prolonged periods of time. To do this however, a special set of armor must be worn to protect the wielder from being electrocuted. Razorre pulled out a wetstone and began to sharpen the blade. If he didn't keep it in good condition, he might be caught off guard one day without means of defending himself.

"Going to stay up there all day?"

Razorre looked sideways to see Hiccup and Toothless hovering in front of him.

"Part of it. I'm in no rush. People never stop to appreciate the silence of the forest."

Hiccup shook his head.

"I just hope you know how to get down."

Razorre looked shrewdly at him.

"Don't I?"

With that, Razorre deliberately fell out of the tree going into a free fall towards the ground. two meters before he hit, Razorre backflipped to land solidly on his feet.

"You can't get down much faster the that!"

Hiccup clapped sarcastically.

"Very impressive. What's Thresher up to?"

Razorre shrugged.

"Last I saw, finishing breakfast. He'll probably go find a place to sun himself after that."

Hiccup nodded.

"In that case, I'll see you around. Don't get lost in the trees!"

Hiccup wheeled Toothless around, and the duo departed for the mountains. Razorre watched them go. They had been working on something up there for a long time, but hadn't told them what was going on. Razorre began walking back to the village, musing on what to do next.

"Life's been kinda slow lately, with Hiccup and Toothless working on their secret project, and Bolgard and Rowana off on that treaty signing. Things are just so boring now."

Razorre got back and found Thresher napping in a sunbeam.

"C'mon buddy! Lets go for loop around the island!"

Thresher opened his eyes and trotted over to Razorre who was just donning his flight armor. He lowered himself to the ground so that Razorre could hop aboard, and they were off. It was the perfect day for it. The sun was out, the skies were clear, there was a light breeze off the ocean. Nothing could be wrong today.

"Wanna swing by the pit?"

Thresher responded with an approving grunt. The pair winged their way towards a large spit of rock they called the pit. They had named it that way because of the large hole at the center which led down to an underground beach. It had crystal clear water, sand that glittered due to the crushed quartz mixed in, and it had some beautiful stones imbedded in the walls. Most of the stones weren't valuable, but there was a few that were of considerable wealth, such as the one imbedded in the pommel of Razorr's sword. Razorre never took gems from here except for certain circumstances, such as his own gem. Razorre yawned and found a reasonable place to sit down and relax. Thresher merely yawned and fell asleep on the spot.

He should go to bed earlier. With the ammount of time he spends napping, he'll turn into a rock.

The two friends remained there for a few hours, then decided to return to the village. They were just leaving the cloud barrier when they saw a ship headed for port. It had the Speartooth crest on it.

"Finally they're back! Lets go meet them!"

Thresher went into a wild dive towards the ocean. Razorre whooped

with delight.

"My thoughts exactly! Lets show up in style!"

Thresher pulled up and shot over to of the ship with astounding speed. A gust of wind followed him shortly afterwards, creating some very interesting hair styles. Rowana turned her gaze to the Skrill and his rider. They were still good at pulling off the unexpected. She had not seen that one coming.

"I really should start trying to figure out if he's going to pull that one. It would save me alot of trouble and discourage more of these surprises."

Thresher touched down at the dock. Razorre nimbly hopped off and jogged down to the group.

"How did it go?"

Bolgard shrugged.

"Same old, same old. I really wish that we could do these things faster. Besides, with Dagur's rampage, I can't afford to be away from the village for so long. If you were attacked I have to be there to help defend our home."

Razorre nodded.

"Don't worry. I've been scouting a thirty mile radius of the island, and no one's come near the place besides trader Johann. He should be in port tomorrow."

Bolgard clapped his hands together happily.

"Thats perfect! I've been meaning to collect something from him for a while now!"

Rowana turned to Razorre.

"When am I going to figure out when your going to freak me out of my skin like that?"

Razorre smiled slyly.

"When you come to expect the unexpected."

Rowana shrugged.

"I've been looking forward to getting home. I have a deep dislike of ships, and the teens on those other islands are just plain annoying. I swear, if I had your sword and armor, they would have tasted Thor's displeasure."

Razorre shrugged.

"Thats a thing of the past."

Rowana nodded.

"Where's Hiccup?"

Razorre just gave a rueful smile.

"Off working on some secret project. I've tried asking him, but no luck."

The rest of the village arrived and began to talk with Bolgard and the rest of the crew. Rowana and Razorre ducked out of the crowd and walked to the meade hall. There was a great feast being prepared for the Chief's return, and they were going to get some good seats before everyone got there.

"Anything change while I was gone?"

Razorre shook his head.

"Zip. Zilch. Nadda. Just some old yaks accidentally stepping on Fjord's foot. Nothing exciting."

"Wait, Fjord got stepped on by a yak? That's something I would pay to see."

The two laughed.

"It was quite entertaining to see him hopping around like that."

Soon everyone was assembled in the meade hall, and the feast was underway. Hiccup, Razorre, and Rowana talked through the night and discussed the comings and goings of the land. Thresher and Toothless napped by the massive fire pit, enjoying the warmth. Soon, everyone was leaving for their homes. It was coming close to midnight with a crescent moon. The trio said their farewells and departed for their homes.

"The end to a perfect day. Tomorrow, I have work to be done."

By that point, Razorre dosed off.

The next morning, Razorre got up early and took care of Thresher's breakfast, before going to his job board.

"Okay... Just a few logs today. Shouldn't be that big an issue."

Grabbing his logging axe, Razorre strolled off into the woods. He took the paper with him as a reminder.

"They want ten logs. Got it!"

After finding a dead tree in the forest, Razorre began to hack away. In no time, he had ten fire logs.

"Thats that for now. Time to get these back to town."

He lifted each log onto a toboggan of sorts, he hauled it back to town. He dropped it off at the specified house, and walked back to where Thresher was. By this point, Everyone was awake and going about their business. Hiccup had already left to keep working on his secret project, so he decided to roam around town. Good thing too, since

trader Johann was in port today.

"Come one, come all! You can find anything here!"

Razorre boarded the ship.

"Fair winds, Johann! Lets see what you've got today!"

Johann turned and smiled broadly.

"Ah, master Razorre! How delightful to see you! I think I have something of interest to you!"

Johann pulled out a beautiful hand crafted bow. It was carved with strange glyphs and was made from a dark wood.

"Finest bow I've ever come across! I know you've been looking for a replacement ever since the... incident."

Razorre smiled.

"I'll take it. How 'bout this halberd in exchange? I crafted it myself using the finest steel, and some powdered diamond. It's the toughest, sharpest, finest weapon I've ever crafted besides my sword."

Johann eyed the halberd with a buyer's eye. He was obviously pleased.

"Consider it done. Hear's the quiver that goes with it."

He pulled out a leather quiver of arrows. The quiver itself was inlaid with silver. and finely made.

"Many thanks Johann. Give my regards to Stoick when you see him."

Johann shook his hand vigorously.

"You know I never let down a customer."

Razorre decided to give the bow a try. He soon discovered how well it truly was. It had a sixty kilo draw weight, and fired with some of the greatest accuracy he'd ever seen.

"Johann wasn't kidding when he said it was the finest."

By this point, it was almost dinner time. Collecting the arrows, he jogged back to the town and began making himself some beef stew. While it simmered, he sat outside on the veranda he had made two months ago, sipping some meade. Hiccup and Toothless were on their way home by this time, and were invited to dinner. Rowana had declined, saying that she had some chores to finish up.

"Something smells good. Stew?"

Razorre nodded, and went inside to check it.

"Almost ready. Now, may I ask what your working on up in the mountains?"

Hiccup chuckled.

"I guess I can tell you now, considering it's almost done. I've been working on a dragon training academy."

Razorre looking in awe at Hiccup.

"What?! You can't be serious!"

Hiccup grinned.

"Oh, I'm quite serious. I've just been working on the main buildings for a while, like the places where the dragons will stay, where we can store eggs, dorms, a main classroom for the text work, obstacle courses, etc."

Razorre grinned.

"Well, this is quite interesting! When were you going to tell me?"

Hiccup shrugged.

"Hadn't quite gotten that far in the planning. And considering the fact that my old classmates are the only ones who ride dragons besides you and me, I thought perhaps you and them could help me run the place when I'm finished."

Razorre nodded.

"I'd be glad to help. Besides, if it takes off, we could make another academy on Berk as well."

Hiccup nodded.

"I've already drawn up plans for that, provided we get to that stage. We'll have to wait for the end of winter before trying to go there. While we might be getting off light, the storms out there are raging like Snotlout without a single meal."

Razorre laughed.

"Well then, I guess we best wait!"

The stew was soon done cooking when they heard a knock at the door. Razorre got up and opened the door.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Come on in!"

Rowana gave a frustrated groan.

"How did you know I was done my chores?"

Razorre smiled.

"I can't give all my secrets away now can I? Where would be the fun in that?"

Rowana shrugged.

"Whatever. I'm starving."

Razorre motioned to a chair and dished out the stew. In between bites of bread and stew, Hiccup told Rowana of his secret academy.

"It sounds like a brilliant idea! I just wish I could find a dragon."

Razorre and Rowana had been searching for the right dragon for her, but they couldn't find one anywhere. They had written Changewings off due to the fact that they couldn't make humans invisible too, and Rowana liked being sneaky. She wanted something stealthy, so a Night Fury, or a Changewing were the only options currently available.

After the food was done, they had meade and talked on the veranda. Soon the sun was just a sliver on the horizon.

"I better go home before dad gets concerned."

Hiccup got up too.

"I should hit the sack too. I've got some heavy lifting to do tomorrow, and I need the extra sleep."

After they left, Razorre turned to Thresher who was napping on the spit of rock jutting out from the side of the house. Suddenly, he looked up and out to sea, and growled. Razorre followed his gaze. A large cloud was coming.

"It's starting to change out there. A storm is on the way. C'mon Thresher. we better get to the storm shelter."

Razorre moved to the back of his house and pulled a lever. A large panel of wood slid back to reveal a massive room dug under Razorre's house. It had air holes, and pillars to support the floor.

"Let's get under cover."

The two friends ducked in to the storm shelter and closed the door, ready to wait it out.

6. Chapter 6

It was a picturesque morning. The birds were trilling, not a cloud in the sky, the waves were calm, and the locals of Speartooth village were in the best mood possible. Winter had ended a week ago and the people were celebrating. In fact, Hiccup, Razorre, and their respective dragons were getting ready to go to Berk to attend the Thawfest games. But no one was more happy than Rowana. They had finally found the perfect dragon for her!

It was a new species called a Prism wing. It was a unique dragon due to the fact that it fell under two classes in the book of dragons. Strike, and mystery. It had a long, triangular head, a streamlined body, and most unusually, three sets of wings. It's wings were able to reflect and refract light in such a way, that it bent rays of light away in a sphere, creating the illusion of invisibility. It's

projectile attack was called a mirror beam. It was a red/white ray that was strong enough to cut rock in half. This particular individual was blue with white markings along it's back and side. Also, it was female.

Rowana pretty much fell in love with it the moment she had her first ride on it. After some basic training and study to determine what it's favorite food, they crafted a saddle for it and the rest was history. She named it Spirit, because of it's ability to vanish into thin air. She wouldn't go anywhere without Spirit since then. Razorre warned her to keep walking so that she wouldn't lose any physical ability because of riding.

"Hey, Hiccup! Are we ready to leave?"

Hiccup looked up from where he was adjusting his saddle.

"Almost! I just gotta make sure I packed everything!"

Hiccup jogged back into the shop. He had sold his old sword after he finished his new one. He had completed the new one a few days ago. The blade extended from the shaft and was coated in Monstrous Nightmare saliva, causing it to light on fire. The other end allowed him to release Zippleback gas and ignite it for personallized explosions. He had his own riding armor now as well. Molded leather crafted to be as aerodynamic as possible, and still provide great protection.

"Okay, I've got everything! Lets roll!"

Soon, they were in the skys. The wind was blowing north today, so they had some extra push to get to Berk.

"Been a while since you went to the Thawfest games huh?"

Hiccup nodded.

"Yeah, it'll be great to watch it again, even if Snotlout is bound to win it."

Razorre shrugged.

"Meh. I don't care. We can cheer for who'll come in second."

Hiccup laughed.

"We better go, or we'll be late!"

The two friends swiftly took to the skies, both dragons issuing their challenge to the world. Even after their long years of flying on dragons, they still had that surge of thrill that only defying gravity could give you. Thresher took the lead and zigzagged through a group a Thunderdrums that were leaping out of the water. While Thresher didn't have the same speed as Toothless, he came pretty darn close. Hiccup looked ahead, almost shaking with anticipation of watching the Thawfest games. While it didn't bring back the most pleasent memories, it was still a fun time. The only thing that no one could stand was Snotlout's constant gloating. But even that couldn't dampen his spirits.

He continued to think back to the few good memories on Berk, when suddenly a fireball shot past them. Hiccup and Razorre both drew their swords and looked to see a horde of dragons barreling towards them. Hiccup groaned.

"This could only happen to us couldn't it?"

Razorre shook his head.

"Most likely."

Razorre and Thresher went into a dive, making for a group of sea stacks. Hiccup followed suit. They needed to out maneuver these dragons, which wasn't that hard, since they were riding strike class dragons. The horde thinned quickly as more dragons collided with the immense pillars of rock.

"Why are these dragons after us!? It's not like we did anything to annoy them!"

Hiccup thought quickly. All dragons who travelled in swarms had a nest to return to, they had seen a queen once before, when they were travelling in a more volcanic region of the world, but they had been welcomed with open arms. Clearly these dragons were acting on orders from another queen. But there was no nest nearby except for...

"Hell Hein's gate! These dragons are the same who raide Berk!"

"Why would they be ticked with us though?!"

Hiccup shook his head.

"I don't know, I'm not the queen expert here!"

Razorre groaned.

"Lets just ditch them!"

"And how do you propose we do that?"

Razorre grinned.

"Simple. We break some things."

Hiccup returned the grin. The instantly had there dragons spin around, and fire their respective blasts at a massive column of rock protruding from the sea. The combined blasts detonated with such force, that it brought it crumbling down in front of the horde, giving them some nasty headaches.

"That should take care of them for now!"

They reached Berk twenty minutes later using the jet stream to accelerate themselves even further. The teens were all waiting for them, dragons in tow.

"Your early!" Astrid called.

Hiccup pulled along side her.

"Yeah, we caught some good gusts of wind that accelerated our trip. That's not the most interesting thing that happened though."

Hiccup gave everyone the rundown of their little chase through the sea stacks.

"You mean that this queen dragon ordered all her dragons to attack you?"

Hiccup nodded grimly.

"I feel we may have to do something about that. At least they don't raide as consistantly as before, and you can drive them off with little difficulty, but still. It's worrisome."

Razorre clapped his hands together.

"Why are we standing here talking about these problems when we could be having fun! Lets role!"

That proved to be all the motivation they needed. Soon enough they were tearing through the skies at breakneck speeds, causing all sorts of mayhem for the people below without so much as brushing the top of a roof. The gusts of wind they were generating actually made silent Sven yell. No actual words, but a sound. That alone was pure achievement. After that, Razorre and Hiccup showed off their fencing skills, which were drastically greater than anyone actually thought possible. Hiccup's new sword was also a shocker. The teens watched as Hiccup and Razorre locked weapons, striving to push the other off balance. Razorre's sword may not have been able to light on fire, but the fact that it could store lightning meant that it could take some of the hottest temperatures. In the end, it was a draw. The fact that they trained agains't eachother every other day mean't that they had learned how the other fought. It was impossible for them to beat eachother.

"How do you get so good?"

Hiccup grinned at Astrid's question.

"Practice. Lots and lots of practice. The fact that Razorre was already an accomplished swordsman created a challenge, and we both learned lots from eachother."

Razorre also showed them a strange fighting style he used to catch his opponents off guard. He could fight with his sword backhand. The trick was to fight offensively and used lots of heavy, spinning attacks. He could easily transition from one grip to another, making him unpredictably deadly on the battlefield. He also explained that his backhand technique worked best for fighting multiple opponents.

"Well, enough about death, any new dragons?"

Fishlegs pulled out the book of dragons.

"Well, we did discover a Whispering Death on Berk, but it's been causing problems and we can't catch this thing."

Hiccup and Razorre looked at each other. They knew all too well what

a Whispering Death on the loose was capable of. The tunnels it left behind could make villages collapse in on themselves if left unchecked.

"We better solve this problem, quick."

Hiccup and Razorre mounted their dragons and had the teens lead them to the last sighting of it.

"So, how do you propose we find the thing?" Astrid asked.

Hiccup thought about it.

"Well, from our experience, it doesn't like sunlight, prefers mackerel, and it's highly territorial. Especially about its tunnels."

Razorre's mouth curved upwards.

"I'm sure he doesn't like uninvited guests in his well kept tunnel system. I think he would want to give them the boot."

Surprisingly, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were the first to catch on. And they loved it.

"This guy is talking my language! Danger!"

He leapt into the tunnels, and began to look around hopefully. Razorre dropped in lightly, followed by the rest of the gang, however reluctantly. Surprisingly, the tunnels were wide enough for the dragons as well. Hiccup decided that this must be due to it making multiple passes to widen them.

The group walked forward a few steps, when the ground gave away under them, dumping them into another section of the maze.

"Ouch. LETS DO THAT AGAIN!"

The group groaned at Ruffnut's outburst.

"Well, we're certainly stuck down here now. There isn't enough room for the dragons to fly out!"

Razorre thought about it.

"We need another tunnel that goes back up. The Whispering Death will be here soon."

Hiccup looked around.

"No tunnel. Only the Whispering Death could dig us out now."

Razorre suddenly got a bright expression.

"Not if the dragons heat up the surrounding rock!"

Hiccup looked confused.

"If we try to dig ourselves out, the noise will bring the... Whispering..."

Slowly, Hiccup smiled. The plan was brilliant. The Whispering Death would hate them messing with it's territory, so it would go after them in an attempt to stop them, possibly digging another tunnel to get to them.

"So we dig. And we make plenty of noise while doing it."

Several minutes of destructive and noisy digging later, the Whispering Death showed up, and boy was it MAD. Sure enough, it had dug another tunnel to get to them and provided them with a free ticket out. After several more minutes of running and avoiding being tenderized, they met daylight. Hiccup and Razorre drew their swords, and Razorre had Thresher charge his blade.

The Whispering Death bellowed with rage and dove at them. Hiccup released a gas cartridge, igniting it and sending it sprawling. Razorre rushed forward and pulled out two sets of iron stakes bound by a strip of leather. He touched the sword to the dragon briefly to keep it immobile, and drove the stakes into the ground on either side of it's wings, keeping it pinned.

"Now that he's not about to rip us to shreds, we can get about getting him out of here."

After they calmed the ferocious dragon down, they released it off into the world.

"I certainly won't miss that dragon." Fishlegs said.

Razorre smiled.

"Cheer up! I thought you loved boulder class dragons!"

"Not when I'm on the menu, I don't."

The group laughed at that, then went back to the village. It was around dinner time, and there was a feast going on in the great hall in celebration of Thawfest.

"Man, I really love the salmon!"

Hiccup smiled.

"They do make it the best here."

Razorre raised his mug.

"Sure do."

The two friends toasted, then went back to their meals.

Great to be back on Berk. I may even consider moving back here at some point. Still, I have responsibilities back at Speartooth village. And the academy is almost ready for business. That reminds me, I haven't mentioned it to anyone else besides Razorre and Rowana.

Hiccup's thoughts were interrupted when Stoick walked over, and took a seat.

"What's it like being back?"

Hiccup thought for a minute.

"Great. I'm finally able to connect with the other teens, and I've really been looking forward seeing the games again. Even if Snotlout is bound to win. Again."

Stoick laughed tensly. No one had ever beaten a Jorgenson in the Thawfest games, and while it wore on everyone's last nerve with all the bragging, they'd slowly built up an immunity to it. Besides, Hiccup didn't need to win the Thawfest games to prove he could beat Snotlout at something. His swordsmanship display earlier with Razorre proved that.

"by the way, I've heard little hints from Razorre saying you had a little secret involving dragons."

Hiccup laughed.

"I guess I best tell you. I've been building a dragon training academy hidden in the Speartooth mountains. I let Razorre and Rowana in on it and Razorre's been helping me. We've completed all the neccesary stuff so far, like the classrooms, obstacle courses, places for the dragons to stay, the building where we store dragon eggs, the hatchery, a training facility, that sort of thing."

Stoick looked shocked at this news. Then he patted his son on the shoulder.

"I'm impressed. You've certainly let your creativity run wild!"

Hiccup smiled at the praise.

"I know. If it does well there, I want to set up one here on Berk too!"

Stoick's smile widened.

"That's something I'd like to see! Although, If I don't hurry back, my fish'll get cold!"

Stoick got up and walked back to his seat, while Hiccup and Razorre engaged in conversation.

"Dragon training academy huh? And when were you gonna tell us this?"

Hiccup and Razorre whirled around to see Astrid and the rest of the gang standing behind them.

"After Thawfest actually. We haven't even gathered enough dragons yet!"

The gang smiled. This day couldn't get any better. The group sat down, and discussed how they would go about making an academy for Berk. They talked well into the night, but eventually, it was simply time for rest.

"I gotta get a good sleep if I'm gonna win the Thawfest games again! See ya in the morning!"

Snotlout waved as he went back to his house. The twins went afterwards, then Fishlegs, and finally Razorre.

"Don't wanna miss the action because I slept in!"

Hiccup and Astrid kept talking well into the night, discussing dragons and other topics. She told him about the Snoggletog screwup, which made Hiccup roar with laughter.

"I know the destruction must have been crazy, but man oh man, would I have paid to see that!"

Astrid laughed about it too, then she said her goodnights and left. Hiccup walked back to his old house, and walked into his old room. It was the exact same as when he left. Hiccup collapsed onto his bed, and fell asleep. But sleep can be a terrifying thing.

Grey clouds, grey smoke, grey rock. Everything was grey except for the fire, Toothless' head in his lower vision, and the massive queen wrecking viking ships as they fled away. It's roar was filled with fury and hate. It's six eyes searching for it's target. They found it. A massive spout of flame shot past them, missing them by meters. The heat was intense. He saw lightning bolts surge past, striking the queen's hide over and over. He saw Nadder spines ark past him, puncturing scales. Then he saw it's wings extend. It took flight. Toothless surging towards the clouds while flames hurtled past, barely missing them. Looking back, Hiccup saw the jaws of death.

Hiccup woke with a start and bolted into a sitting position. He breathed heavily.

That was one heck of a nightmare. Wonder what it was about. Ah well, might as well go back to bed.

Meanwhile, Razorre was also locked in a nightmare. However, this one was different. Much different.

The village burned around him. Thresher was tied up, another Skrill charging it's lightning blast to finish him off. A tall, but relatively young viking stood atop a large boulder, an axe in one hand and a sword in the other. bolgard and Rowana were tied up at his feet. Toothless and the other dragons were tied up and gagged, while Hiccup and the others were being tortured. And he felt... helplessness, then rage. His eyes turning towards the sky, he loosed a bellow of sheer, animalistic fury.

Razorre's eyes opened quickly. He fought to control his breathing, then got the gruesome dream out of his head. After several minutes, he fell back asleep.

The next morning...

Hiccup and Razorre met the rest of the gang at the great hall. They discussed the day ahead, and shared some stories. Then it was time. All the vikings began to file down to the arena to watch the Thawfest

games. The participants all went down to the center of the ring. Gobber got the large horn they used for announcing the games.

"Welcome to the Thawfest games! We all thank you for your support in setup, and all that other stuff, Blah blah blah, let the games begin!"

The crowd roared in appreciation. The Thawfest games had begun.

7. Chapter 7

****Hello everybody! Hope you are ready for this! It may be a bit short, but hey! Fair warning, this chapter has descriptive deaths, so if you do not wish to visualize potentially gruesome deaths, feel free to avoid this chapter.****

****Enjoy!****

The Thawfest games had come to an end, and surprise, surprise. Snotlout had won. Of course this meant more bragging, but in the end, no one cared. Hiccup and Toothless took the time to fly up into the mountain ranges of Berk and relax. They were also looking around for potential spots for the dragon academy he dreamed of building on Berk one day. He already knew that the former arena would be a up for grabs, but when you got down to it, they would need more room. Besides that, the mountains provided the protection they would need, a natural obstacle course, and a great view.

"Well bud, what say we head back to town?"

Toothless turned around and the inseperable friends returned to the village. Everyone was busy cleaning up after Thawfest. The work went much faster than previous experiences Hiccup had, due to the dragons being there. They could lift heavier loads, and travel much faster than vikings, so life was much easier.

"Hey Hiccup! Found the site yet?"

Hiccup turned to see Razorre sitting on an outcropping of rock, scratching Thresher's neck.

"Found some good spots, but we won't start until we know it'll work. Besides, we still have to announce it to the world don't we?"

Razorre nodded, a smile on his face.

"Too true, too true."

Hiccup took a seat next to Razorre and scratched Toothless under the chin. He couldn't help but notice that Razorre's cheeriness seemed to be forced.

"Something bothering you?"

Razorre shook his head.

"Nah, just tired."

Hiccup knew he was lying. He'd used that same excuse himself many times. He decided not to push it though. Razorre was stubborn. Very stubborn. If he didn't want to tell someone something, nothing in the world would make him talk. The two friends talked the day away, discussing how they would go about training the students, how they would get eggs, and other things that concerned their academy. Then they recieved a most frightening interuption.

"Hey, isn't that Rowana and Spirit?" Hiccup asked, pointing to the sky. Indeed it was. And by the look of things, something bad had happened. Spirit landed heavily on the ground. her tail was drooped and sher eyes contained nothing but exhaustion. But, if this were even possible, Rowana was in worse shape. She had cuts and bruises all over her body, and she was clearly fatigued. Spirit also had many wounds. It was a wonder they made here alive.

"Call a healer, fast!" shouted Razorre.

Several agonizingly long minutes later, Rowana was lying in a cot, her wounds bandaged. Spirit was taken to the arena, where she had her wounds tended to, and where a large pile of fish, and a tub of water waited for her. After several hours, Rowana finally woke up. Razorre was seated at her bedside, waiting patiently.

"I know this is a lot to ask, considering that you just woke up from a heavy dose of injuries, but what happened?"

Rowana shuddered.

"Beserkers. They attacked in the dead of night. We had no warning. And... lightning. So much lightning. Razorre, they have a Skrill, and they can control it."

Razorre hung his head and clutched his hair.

"What madness befalls the world..."

Rowana groaned from the pain of her wounds. Razorre shook his head.

"Get some rest. Spirit is at the arena, resting. I have to go home. I have to deal with Dagur."

Rowana shook her head.

"He's after you. I don't know why, but he is. He doesn't know about Thresher, but for some reason he wants to kill you. Personally. Though I have a theory. He has earned the name Dagur the Deranged."

This news caught Razorre's attention. Then, he remembered something.

"I know why he's after me."

Rowana cocked her head, confused.

"Remember when the Beserkers attacked a while back? And they said that they would let us live if you agreed to marry Dagur in the

future?"

Rowana shuddered. Those few hours had been horrifying for her.

"And remember how Bolgard said that those terms weren't an option? And remember how it was decided by a duel between Dagur and me?"

Slowly, it dawned on her.

"You beat him in under a minute. Even back then you were perhaps the most accomplished swordsman our tribe had ever seen."

Razorre nodded grimly.

"Dagur is after me for revenge. For humiliating him in front of two tribes."

Razorre huffed.

"I have to settle this. If Dagur doesn't get his revenge, he'll start killing our tribe one by one until he does. I won't let their lives be taken just because I refuse to face him."

Rowana groaned again. She collapsed back onto the cot. Razorre turned to leave.

"Sleep. You can't help me now."

The other teens were waiting outside.

"So, what's the deal?" Astrid asked.

Razorre gave them the rundown of what was happening. The group stayed silent the whole time, awed by his story. Then Hiccup spoke up.

"We're going with you."

Razorre shook his head.

"This is my fight. I have to finish what I started."

Hiccup shook his head.

"Not this time your not. Not on your own. Besides, I have to defend the academy, even if it's not in use yet. I didn't do all that work to see it burn."

Razorre huffed with annoyance.

"Fine. But when I confront Dagur, I expect all of you (turns his gaze towards everyone, fire in his eyes) To stay out of it."

Hiccup and the others nodded. They got their preparations underway, and they had departed within the hour.

Hold on everyone. I'm coming. And this time, Dagur's getting more than humiliation.

The group flew in silence. They knew full well that this was no pleasure cruise. They were about to dive head first into the swirling, chaotic vortex of war. And they may not make it out alive. The group did notice however, that Razorre had uncharacteristically angry look on his face. If they looked into his eyes, they saw the flames of fury. It unnerved them. Razorre rarely showed highly negative emotions. Sure he showed annoyance and anger from time to time, but not on this scale. They were about to ask him if he was okay when he held up his hand.

The riders pulled their dragons to a halt and Razorre motioned downward. They were directly over the Speartooth village. Things had drastically changed, probably due to the fact that Dagur knew that the Speartooth tribe had dragons, so if Razorre was to return, which he had, they would need to be ready for dragons. There was a large wall surrounding the village, with plenty of patrols up and down the streets. They had bola launchers and net cannons laid out around the wall, all with a beserker warrior sitting at the ready.

"Okay, we need a plan... Hiccup, I'll need you to take out a few of those launchers. Take them out, and they'll have to resort to crossbows and catapults. Snotlout, you go in after Hiccup takes out one quarter of their anti-dragon defences and go for the catapults. Then, Astrid and the twins can make a run and take out the wall. Then I'll go in and have Thresher unleash as much lightning as possible to disarm as many foot soldiers as possible. Then I want you to try and find prisoners. I'll go after Dagur.

The group nodded and got into position. Hiccup and Toothless went into a dive, soon reaching terminal velocity. On the ground, the Beserkers heard the familiar sound of a Night Fury diving in for the kill. Short seconds later, the first bola launcher exploded in a ball of fire. The Beserkers aimed the turrets at the spot, hoping to catch a glimpse to fire at. It was for not though, as Hiccup and Toothless were already streaking around for another pass. Within minutes, the defences had been reduced to a smoking ruin.

This meant that Snotlout was ready to make his run. Snotlout went into a wild dive, hurtling towards the first catapult. A single shot from Hookfang's liquid fire reduced it to a charred wreck. The process was repeated until only the crossbows could stave off the dragons. The twins and Astrid went in for their run and obliterated the remaining air defences, signalling Razorre to make his appearance. The Beserkers looked into the sky as Razorre and Thresher hurtled through the clouds, lightning surging behind them. Razorre drew his sword and held it to the sky. He felt the force of a lightning bolt strike the blade, charging it. Razorre jumped from Thresher's saddle and landed in the midst of the whole Beserker army. They stood in awe for a moment, but then remembered that this man was an enemy and charged.

They never stood a chance. Razorre grabbed a metal chain and swung it around in a wide radius, electricity coursing through it. every single Beserker fell before Razorre once the chain so much as grazed them. Dagur surveyed the attack, his face contorted with rage.

"Bring me that Skrill and the Night Fury! Capture their riders and throw at my feet! I want to see their looks of fear before I behead them!"

Yet, no matter what, they couldn't stop the dragons and riders from advancing. Dagur smiled.

"They think they've won? Ha! They haven't seen the true might of our tribe! Bring forth the beast!"

The beserkers hauled out a cage with a Skrill inside. It had a harness on with two ropes hanging from its jaw. Dagur grabbed the ropes and yanked down hard. The Skrill promptly fired a bolt of lightning at Razorre, who leapt nimbly to the side. He then noticed a massive contraption off to the side. One of the Beserkers pulled a lever on it, and it began to launch Bolas at rapidfire. As they adjusted it, they snared every dragon and rider and pinned them to the ground. Razorre raised his sword, ready to fight. The whole army bared down on him, along with Dagur and his Skrill. But then, to Razorre's horror, Thresher dove down and released a blast of lightning, firing at the soldiers. Razorre understood. He had to run. He turned and bolted into the woods, tears blurring his vision.

Hiccup watched, horrified as Razorre prepared to face a small army, but was saved by Thresher. Razorre was forced to flee, leaving Thresher behind. The Beserkers tied up Thresher and dragged him to the other dragons. They hung them from the branches of a tree and knocked them out. All of the teens were thrown on the ground. Then, they heard the sound of a high intensity beam of pure destruction blow up a rock near Dagur. They looked up to see Rowana and Spirit spiralling through the air, firing mirror beams into the crowd of Beserkers below. She did not however, notice the rapid fire bola launcher being swivelled to face her. Soon enough, she and Spirit crashed to the ground, wrapped in rope.

"Bring her to her father! We'll execute them later!"

Hiccup couldn't believe what he had heard. They were going to execute Bolgard and Rowana! They had to do something! Then, they heard the sound of boots crunching towards them. Hiccup felt the most agonizing sensation as he was struck in the back with a metal whip. Astrid yelled his name as he was struck again. But, she soon started screaming herself as another Beserker took a metal whip to her. All the teens were being tortured on the spot. Thresher and the other dragons watched horrified as their human counterparts were brutally tortured by the cruel soldiers. Thresher saw the other Skrill walking forwards, lightning crackling across its scales.

Razorre watched horrified as the scene unfolded before him. His friends were being tortured, his chief and childhood friend about to be executed, and his best friend, his dragon, was about to be killed by that other Skrill. An unspeakable force coursed through Razorre's body. Rage filled him. He could prevent this! And by the gods HE WOULD!

Dagur stood atop the large boulder as the former chief and his daughter were on their knees at his mercy, a sword in one hand, an axe in the other, and a insane grin upon his face. Soon, this island would be part of the Beserker empire!

"DAGUR!"

Dagur turned in shock at the direction the roaring voice that reverberated through his skeleton had come from. He looked up to see on the hill, a warrior, dressed in steel armor from head to toe. It was the same boy who had fled earlier. The same that had humiliated him in front of his tribe before.

"So, you finally come slinking out of the shadows! Ha, you've grown soft!"

He motioned with his sword for five soldiers to go after him. Razorre's eyes blazed with rage as the warriors approached him, preventing him from flaying Dagur alive. He lunged forward and took the first in the stomach. He turned to the second and slashed him through the throat. He leapt clean over the head of the third, flipping as he went, cleaving his skull in half. The fourth was taken from behind. And the fifth? He turned to flee, but Razorre grabbed his neck and squeezed until it snapped. Blood ran between his fingers as he dropped the lifeless body like a rag doll.

"TURN AND FACE ME YOU COWARD!"

Dagur turned to see Razorre surrounded in the dead bodies of the warriors he had sent to kill him. He turned to the silhouette of the boy, lightning flashing behind him. His sword crackling with electrical energy. Dagur frowned. This may prove to be more difficult than previously thought. Dagur hefted the weapons in his hands and turned to face Razorre. Razorre pointed at him, his gaze holding all the authority of death itself.

"HERE AND NOW, YOUR RAMPAGE ENDS!"

The two armor clad warriors charged. Razorre rained a score of heavy blows down upon Dagur's left and right. He blocked them with amazing skill, but fell back from the sheer ferocity of Razorre's onslaught. He then moved to the offensive, swing the axe and sword in heavy, looping blows. Razorre blocked them all with minimal difficulty and countered with a kick to Dagur's chest. Dagur reeled backwards from the blow and clutched his chest in pain. Razorre spun around and plunged his sword straight through Dagur's heart. He gasped for a few seconds, then lay still.

Dagur the Deranged lay dead on the ground, his blood forming a red pool around his cold corpse. Razorre turned his ferocious gaze towards the soldiers who were torturing the other riders. They turned and fled immediately. Same went for the remaining Berserkers. He turned to the dragons and remembered that Thresher was still in danger. He broke into a sprint, barreling towards where Thresher and the other dragons were about to be obliterated by the other Skrill. Razorre went into a flying leap, slamming into the Skrill hard enough to knock it out cold. He turned to the dragons and used an abandoned sword to cut them loose. He then ran to the teens and examined their wounds.

"Your lucky you escaped permanent injury." Razorre muttered as he applied some herbs and anti-infectants he had found in a nearby house to the wounds. Afterwards, he bandaged them up and freed Bolgard and Rowana from their bonds. Rowana threw her arms around him in a strangling hug.

"Oh my gods, I thought you were dead!"

Razorre managed to pull free.

"I came to free our village, and I wouldn't have died until I had done that. If my friends, family or village need me, I'll be there."

Rowana hugged him again, then returned to her father's side. Bolgard stepped forward.

"Razorre. As chief of the tribe and as a friend, I thank you. You have saved our village in it's greatest time of need, and stopped the machinations of Dagur the Deranged. On behalf of the village, and the other villages that were threatened by the advancing Beserker empire, I thank you once again."

Razorre bowed respectfully and turned to face the remaining members of his tribe. He raised his blade into the air, and bellowed in victory. The tribe responded with their own discordant yells. Hiccup and the others would have joined in, but the pain was too great. Instead, Hiccup bellowed mentally, knowing that it was the thought that counted.

End
file.